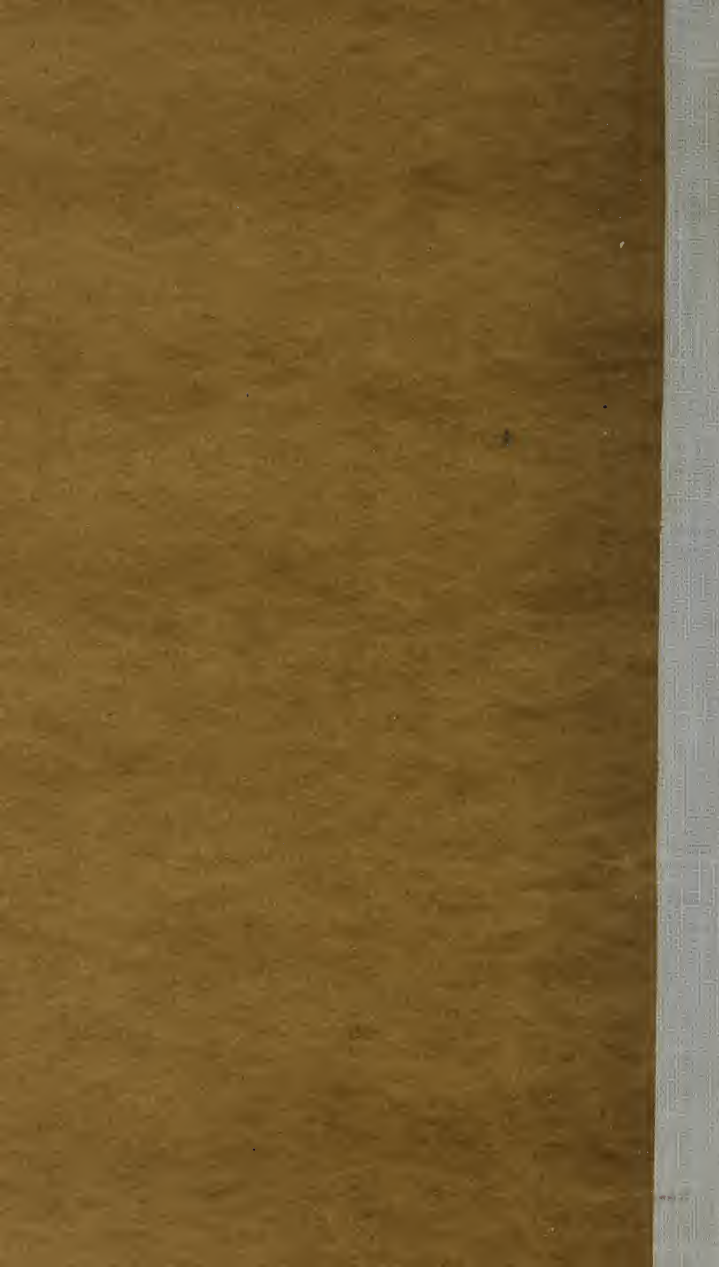



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Colman, George
Love laughs at
locksmiths, a musical
farce.





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Love Laughs at
Locksmiths

Love laughs at Locksmiths.



Risk. (throwing the sword to the GRENADEIER) 'Take your sword, and go to the devil !

Act II. Scene 1.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

A Musical Farce,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER,

AUTHOR OF

The Heir-at-Law, Poor Gentleman, Ways and Means, John Bull, We
Fly by Night, Africans, Law of Java, Battle of Hexham,
Sylvester Daggerwood, Who wants a Guinea? Iron
Chest, Surrender of Calais, Mountaineers, Blue
Devils, Review, X. Y. Z., &c., &c.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

AND REMARKS BY D.G.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER.

LONDON.

822
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REMARKS.

Love Laughs at Locksmiths.

In scenes of bustle and intrigue, Monsieur rules the roast. M. Bouilly's "Une Folie" is the groundwork of this humorous farce.

The wire-drawn scenes of love—billet-doux suspended from casements by silken cords—and the various tricks and disguises by which amorous youth circumvents watchful old age, are here alive in all their activity and merriment.

These vaudevilles pass away an hour with rationality and spirit. Then the French players are such pleasant people! What is "L'Ambassadeur," or "Le Savant," without Perlet?—"Fortune," in "Le Bossu a-la-mode," without Vernet?—or "La Femme de L'Avorie," without Jenny Vertpré?

But what give we our neighbours in return? Egad! they have made Hamlet a pantomime, Othello an opera, and then brag of having mended Shakspeare! A fellow offered to give a watchmaker double the original cost of his watch if he would only mend it. The bargain was struck, and the wag, having given *a blow* for his watch, gave the mender—(what we should be glad to give the Frenchmen)—*two*!

Sad havoc have they made also with our School for Scandal and John Bull! But we shall not go to law with them: it would be like a man selling his horse to go into Chancery for the bridle.

George Colman never touched a French farce that he did not improve upon. Yet translation was the vice of his indolence, or—— But we will give his own words, as he once gave them in one of his unrestrained and joyous moods:—"Here lies Don Martin John Barbuda, Grand Master of Alcantra, who never knew *Fear*,"—Charles the Fifth of Germany, on reading these conceited lines, remarked, that Don Martin had probably never snuffed a candle with his fingers. "I am quite sure," cried George, with his wonted arch expression, and lolling luxuriously and indolently in his easy chair, "that he never wrote a farce!"

"Love Laughs at Locksmiths" illustrates a proverb similar to that of "Hunger breaks stone walls;" after the fashion of a military spark, a plotting valet, an unwilling old dupe, and a willing young lady.

From Rev. 20th 4th 1855

Mr. Vigil is the guardian of a fair ward, who, heartily sick of her imprisonment, warbles her woe from a window strongly barricaded with iron bars; and sends love-letters by the first-floor twopenny post to a certain tall Captain of Gre adiers, promising him her name and heart as the price of her release from bondage. Mars's first plan of attack is in the disguise of Levi Kaiserman, a Jew picture-dealer, whom Vigil expects from Germany. They meet at the Exhibition, whither Vigil has repaired to see the effect of his new picture. Levi feigns unbounded admiration for this chef-d'œuvre, and betrays so much anxiety to get into the exhibitor's house, that Argus grows suspicious; and, to try if he be the true man, asks him to whom he sold his Proserpine? The mock Israelite answers, at a bold venture, to the Archbishop of Cologne. Impossible! His eminence never could have committed such a gross indecorum!—Why, the deuce a stitch of drapery had the beloved of Pluto to her back! This blows up the plot; and the painter, having warned the young greenhorn never to humbug an artist with having sold a picture he never painted, bids him a very good morning.

The next moment, fortune, by way of amende for this slipperv trick, sends a bumpkin, Solomon Lob, upon the scene. This newly imported prodigy of intelligence, who has just alighted from the waggon, and stands stupidly staring at the strange sights, reveals (in the shape of an inquiry) to Captain Beldare and his servant, Risk, that he comes as a visitor to uncle Totterton, Vigil's superannuated colour-grinder; who, being "old, stupid gone, and a bit fondish," has sent for him from Tadcaster, to help his wits and give him "condolation." Solomon, being noted for guessing at folks "instinkingly," jumps (after one from Beldare of affected surprise) to the conclusion, that the man of war is the man of paint, and begins unlading a whole budget of village news. First, he has brought a bag of golden guineas for the church; picture; then the parson's sister, a shy spinster of fifty, fat and bandy, has hooked (a tightish match!) the rich humpbacked letter-carrier; and, lastly there is a letter for uncle Totterton from his loving sister Margery written by her amanuensis, Robin Rawbones, calligraphist and blacksmith, who has been main comfortable to the poor widow since the lamented Lob's demise, and done all and sundry of her odd jobs.—Risk, who is Yorkshire himself, confuses his countryman with a round about direction back to the Bull and Mouth; makes off with the bumpkin's bundle; and, dressed in a brand new holiday suit extracted from Lob's luggage, dupes the dauber and the dotard, and becomes king of the barricades!

Risk's first exploit, after conquering the bolts and bars, is to make himself known to the young lady. He, in vulgar parlance, tips her the wink, which very nearly discovers him. Totterton then sets him to colour-grinding; and he splits the old fellow's ears (no wonder, for the parish clerk taught him to chat with his pitchfork!)—with

the doleful ditty of Miss Bailey. He is pestered with innumerable inquiries regarding his uncle's friends of yore, all of whom he remorselessly kills one after the other. Davy Drone—he died at eighty-four? No: at five in the morning! Figgins, the grocer, renowned for his capital lump-sugar, and a dog that chucked a half-penny off his nose into his mouth whenever you said “nine?”—Dead, too! And the dog? Dead! he eat a bad halfpenny! The death-hunter, old Gruntiepool? Buried last Christmas! While the reason given for this strange mortality (the introduction of three more apothecaries into the village!) is not the least amusing.

But Vigil has a grand picture on the easel—Cressida giving her glove to Troilus, on his quitting Troy for the Grecian camp, which must be finished forthwith. Lydia, for a promised treat to the Exhibition, consents to sit for the heroine; but Thwack, the bruiser, having got drunk, he is at fault for a Troilus. A soldier off duty, one of Captain Beldare's grenadiers, is hired as a substitute for the prize-fighter, and introduced into Mr. Vigil's painting-room. His arms are passed half way through the arm-holes of Troilus's breast-plate, which the ignoramus taking for handcuffs, and thinking he is about to be robbed, he disentangles himself from the fancied bilboes, and stands on his guard. Risk, in the mean time, has not been idle:—a rope-ladder introduces the captain into the fortress of beauty; and, after mutual surprises, explanations, and the arrival of the true Solomon Lob, the graybeards are outwitted.

Risk was a trump-card in the hands of Mathews. In the song, “Oh, when my farm is taken,” he gave one of the earliest specimens of his extraordinary volubility. His imitation of the miscellaneous inhabitants of his fancied farm-yard was excellent

 D.—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R.C. *Right of Centre*; L.C. *Left of Centre*; D.F. *Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C.D.F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R.D.F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L.D.F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R.D. *Right Door*; L.D. *Left Door*; S.E. *Second Entrance*; U.E. *Upper Entrance*; C.D. *Centre Door*.

. *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	<i>Original.</i>	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Vigil</i> - - -	Mr. Denman.	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Captain Beldare</i>	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Risk</i> - - -	Mr. Mathews.	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Mathews.
<i>Totterton</i> - -	Mr. Grove.	Mr. Starmer.	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Solomon Lob</i> -	Mr. De Camp.	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Dub</i> - - -	Mr. Hatton.	Mr. Read.	Mr. Norris.
<i>Lydia</i> - - -	Mrs. Atkins.	Miss Cubitt.	Miss Mathews.

SCENE—*London.*

Costume.

VIGIL.—Old man's blue suit, with brass basket buttons—black George wig—white lamb's-wool stockings—shoes and buckles—old man's hat.

CAPTAIN BELDARE.—*First dress* : Full dress uniform of the First Grenadier Guards. *Second dress* : Costume of a German Jew—black wig, beard, &c.

RISK.—*First dress* : Green livery jacket—white waistcoat—leather breeches—top-boots—hat and cockade. *Second dress* : Countryman's holyday suit.

TOTTERTON.—Old man's gray suit—gray hairs, &c.

SOLOMON LOB.—Countryman's short smock-frock—red waistcoat—leather breeches—blue striped stockings—shoes and buckles—red wig, and countryman's hat.

DUB.—Uniform of a Private of the First Grenadier Guards

LYDIA.—White muslin morning dress—blue sash, &c.

[Performance Free.]

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Cross-way in London, where several streets intersect each other—Vigil's house, L. S. E., all the windows of which have bars on the outside—immediately over the door is an oval window, double grated, and two-thirds of it bricked up—an hotel, R. S. E.*

Enter CAPTAIN BELDARE from the hotel, R. S. E., during the symphony of the following.

DUET.—BELDARE and RISK.

Bel. Why, where's the rascal?—Risk! why, Risk!

Risk. [*Within the hotel.*] I'm coming, captain.

Bel. Zounds! be brisk!

The laziest knave I ever saw!

Enter RISK, gaping, from the hotel, R. S. E.

'Tis day-light, puppy!

Risk. Yaw—aw—aw!

Whither so fast, that thus you scare one

Bel. To court a sweet, bewitching fair one.

Sweet god of Love! thee I implore;

Grant me the nymph whom I adore!

Risk. Sweet god of Sleep! thee I implore;

Grant me a bed, and let me snore!

But, pray, who may the lady be?

Bel. Apelles might be proud to draw her.

Risk. Is she so comely, then, to see?

Bel. Upon my soul, I never saw her!

Sweet god of Love, &c.

Risk. Sweet god of Sleep, &c.

Risk. Never saw her!—Lord, sir, you are mad!

Bel. Certainly, you blockhead!—Don't I tell you I'm in love?

Risk. Why, yes; but to be mad for love before you see

the woman! — Bless us! 'tis like getting drunk at a tavern, before the waiter has brought up a bottle!

Bel. Risk, come here. [*Pointing to Vigil's house.*]
Look at that corner building.

Risk. What, with the bars outside all the windows?

Bel. Aye; what do you think of it?

Risk. Think! — Hem! — A sheriff's officer's?

Bel. 'Tis a celebrated painter's.

Risk. And glazier's?

Bel. Psha! an historical painter.

Risk. And you have just discovered the history, sir, of his family?

Bel. Exactly so. He is a guardian, or rather tyrant, to a young orphan, whom he locks up from the world, [*Pointing to the windows.*] in the manner you observe.

Risk. I said 'twas a lock-up house.

Bel. Listen. Although he lets nobody behold the original, many, I fancy, have seen the resemblance: for, in all his works, (and they are pretty numerous here in London) there is one peculiar character—one same beautiful expression of a female face, ever to be observed.

Risk. Then you think, sir, that he takes her face for his model?

Bel. Just so. Now what is your idea of me?

Risk. [*Bowing.*] That you have face enough, sir, to steal off with the prettiest face a painter ever had in his cabinet.

Bel. I shall try how far it may serve me here; but I shall have occasion also for a countenance to assist me, with a little more brass in it than I can boast.

Risk. [*Bowing.*] Dear sir, you are pleased to compliment; but command me. I need not tell Captain Bel-dare, of the Grenadiers, that all the brass of his humble servant, Risk, is no more than the captain's own. And now, pray, sir, how can my brass assist you?

Bel. Get me into the house.

Risk. Knock at the door, sir, and sit for your picture.

Bel. Pooh! — He doesn't paint portraits, I tell you; only history.

Risk. Um! — What's his name?

Bel. Vigil.

Risk. Vigil! — Oh, dear! to the right about, captain! Let's be off directly!

Bel. Why, do you know anything of him?

Risk. Know him! — He's notorious! the most suspi-

cious, lynx-eyed, peeping, peery, old pug of a painter in Christendom!

Bel. [*Carelessly.*] No—is he, faith? I'm glad to hear it.

Risk. Glad!

Bel. To be sure; it gives a double zest to the enterprise, you booby! Faint heart never won fair lady. Besides, she must hate old Vigil;—and arn't I independent already, with large expectations from a rich uncle? Arn't I a captain of grenadiers, with the éclat of having lately served against the enemy?

Risk. Bravo, sir! I believe it will do.

Bel. Do!—To be sure it will. But till Mars calls me once more abroad, I'll serve under Cupid at home. This is a fortress worth attacking; and here I commence my siege!

Risk. But are you quite sure, sir, the lady will like to be stormed?

Bel. I think so. [*Pointing to the oval window.*] Yesterday she sang an air from that grated window; I repeated the burden; she began again; her voice trembled; she recommenced, faltered, repeated, sighed, re——

Risk. Oh, the sweet little angel! Say no more, sir: the castle is impregnable on this side; but I'll reconnoitre on the other, and see where we can make a breach. I'll be back in a trice!

[*Exit at the back of Vigil's house, L. 3d E.*]

Bel. Now, if I could but for a moment catch her attention! [*The notes of a harp are heard from Virgil's house.*] Hark!

AIR.—LYDIA. [*Within the house.*]

Hard is my lot, when youth is mine,
And joy should crown each rosy hour,

Re-enter RISK, L. 3d E.

Within these gloomy walls to pine,
Still fetter'd by a tyrant's power!
Ye who pity maids like me,
This way bend, and set me free!

Bel. & Risk. He who pities maids like thee,
This way bends, to set you free!

Risk. Bless her! she sings like a new one; and **you** and I weren't so much amiss, sir.

Bel. Now, tell me, what have you discovered?

Risk. A window at the back of the house without bars.

Bel. Without bars!

Risk. Only one story high, and that lower than usual from the ground. There's only a green curtain on the inside, to keep out the sun.

Bel. Vigil's painting-room, depend on't!

Risk. It faces a bit of waste ground, to be let on a building-lease, where nobody passes;—so we may plant our battery there, without fear of observation.

Bel. Excellent!

Risk. And now, sir, if you succeed, do you mean to—

[*A door opens, L. S. E.*

Bel. Hush! the door opens!

Enter VIGIL and TOTTERTON from the house—Vigil double locks the door after him.

Risk. That must be old Vigil himself.

Bel. Away! away!

[*Exeunt Captain Beldare and Risk into the hotel, R. S. E.*

Vigil. Totterton!

Tot. Here am I, close at your heels.

Vigil. Who was that officer, gliding from us as we came out?

Tot. I can't tell; but he looks plaguy suspicious.

Vigil. Ay, ay; another butterfly, I warrant, fluttering about here till he singes his wings, like the rest of them.

Tot. Oh, let you alone for smelling them out!—Bless my soul, how you do nose them!

Vigil. I can't be too circumspect. Since my sister died, and left Lydia, her bewitching little devil of a cousin, under my care, I think, o' my conscience, the whole world has conspired to plague me.

Tot. Psha! 'tis love plagues you,—love for a green, kicking, frisky filly of seventeen! It will kill me.

Vigil. Kill you!

Tot. Yes, it will. Have you not turned off all the servants, because you can trust nobody about her but myself? Arn't I, who was formerly only your colour-grinder, now your Jack-of-all-trades?—Arn't I footman, porter, steward, cook, housekeeper, butler, scullion, and groom of the chambers?

[*BELDARE and RISK appear listening at the balcony of the hotel.*

Bel. [*Apart to Risk.*] Be attentive; we may pick up some information.

Tot. Well, I must hobble off now after Levi Kaiserman, the Jew picture-dealer from Germany.

Bel. [*Apart to Risk.*] Levi Kaiserman!—Mark that.

Vigil. That's right. He wrote me word by the last post, that he should arrive yesternight in London.

Tot. Spread Eagle, Gracechurch Street.

Vigil. Just so. Now, you'll wait till he gets up, Totterton, then bring him yourself to my painting-room.—Yourself, remember : no mistakes, now !

Tot. Mistakes!—Psha! I'm deep; I haven't made a blunder these sixty years. [*Going, R.*] Levi Kaiserman! [*Returning.*] What sort of a man is he?

Vigil. I never saw him.

Tot. Umph!—What age?

Vigil. Oh, not very young—about forty.

Tot. Forty!—Why, that's quite a boy. But we shall be both from home at the same time. That's mighty wrong. Miss Lydia may——

Vigil. No, no; she's in bed, and fast asleep. I knew I should be obliged to go to Somerset House early to-day to look at the effect of my new picture in the exhibition, which is to open to-day;—so, what do you think I did?

Tot. What?

Vigil. Kept her up, quarrelling, till five o'clock this morning; so she's tired out, and won't wake till I come back. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha!—Wise, wasn't it?

Tot. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha!—Why, you are as cunning as——

Vigil. I know what I am at. [*A letter is seen descending against the wall from the oval window of Vigil's house, attached to several ribands, knotted together like the links in a chain.*] Now, Totterton, you are a trusty old fellow; but what a pity it is that your extreme old age disables you from serving me as much as——

Tot. My extreme old age!

Vigil. Yes; you are getting hard of hearing, and your eye-sight grows weaker every day. [*Here Totterton perceives the letter.*] For which reason, you know, my old boy, I have sent for your nephew from Yorkshire to assist us. He's too great a bumpkin to fear anything from his——

Tot. [*Nettled.*] And so my eye-sight gets weaker every day?

Vigil. Well, well; I didn't mean to affront you.

Tot. [*Keeping his eye on the letter, which is gradually,*

descending.] Why, to hear you talk, a body would think I was deaf and blind.

Vigil. I didn't exactly say that.

Tot. And you are the only person that sees every thing, to be sure !

Vigil. What do you mean ?

Tot. Yes, you are the only person ; you, who think that your ward is fast asleep, while——

Vigil. While what ?

Tot. While what ! — Why, while she is sending letters, post-free, by the first-floor mail ! [*Pointing to the letter, which is now about three feet from the ground.*] Look'ee there !

Vigil. Zounds !

Risk. [*Apart to Captain Beldare.*] Oh, the devil ! — Sir, that was for us ! [*They retire from the balcony.*]

Tot. Now, who's the blindest of us two, I should like to know ?

Vigil. Hold your tongue ! — Let us untie it softly, and she will think it has come to hand, just as she intended. [*Unfastening the letter.*] For that rake-helly officer, I'll lay my life ! How the plague she could have managed from that window to —— But we shall see !

[*Breaks open the letter.*]

Re-enter CAPTAIN BELDARE and RISK, stealing out of the hotel, R. S. E.

Bel. [*Apart to Risk.*] Let us listen.

[*They cross cautiously to L. S. E., and remain at a short distance behind Vigil and Totterton.*]

Vigil. [*Coming forward, reading.*] “ The interest you appear to take in my fate, gives me courage to convey this letter to you. I shall lower it by a chain of ribands, to which you may tie your answer, and I can pull it up.— [*Captain Beldare pulls out his pocket-book, tears a leaf from it, takes his pencil, and prepares to write.*]—Let me know your name.— [*Captain Beldare writes.*]—Your name, and your—” ’Tis scrawled in pencil, and in such a cursed hurry, I can hardly——

Tot. [*Putting on his spectacles, and reading over Vigil's shoulder.*] “ And your designs——”

Vigil. Aye. [*Reading.*] “ Your designs, and what I have to hope.— [*Captain Beldare writes again.*]—I am confined by the bolts and bars of——”

Tot. [*Looking over his shoulder, and reading.*] "*Of an old fool.*" Ha! ha!—Come, now, that's well enough.

Vigil. Well enough, you blockhead! [*Reading.*] "*He is a perfect Cerberus; but I think he may be deceived.*" Aye, that remains to be proved.

Tot. Come, go on.

Vigil. [*Reading.*] "*My father died in the field of honour; I am seventeen years of age, with a fortune, and a figure which, I think, is not despicable. I have a good deal of giddiness, of which I forewarn you.*" That you have, with a devil to it! "*But an incessant flow of spirits, and, above all, a good heart; which I offer, with my hand, to him who will rescue me from my present bondage.*—LYDIA."

Bel. [*Aside.*] Charming girl!

[*Captain Beldare and Risk get nearer to Vigil and Totterton, and listen with great anxiety.*]

Vigil. Now for the postscript. [*Reading.*] "*Every morning these ribands may communicate our mutual thoughts and plans; tie your answer to them directly.*—[*Captain Beldare gives the note he has written to Risk, who ties it to the ribands.*]—*And give me a sign by—*" Stay! what's this?—Oh! "*Give me a sign by clapping your hands together only once, when I may draw it up, without fear of discovery.*" Now there's a Jezabel!

[*Remains pondering, with his eyes fixed on the letter.*]

Risk. [*Apart to Captain Beldare.*] 'Tis impossible to give the signal, sir, without their hearing us.

Bel. [*Apart.*] Hush!

Vigil. What the devil am I to do with this gipsy, Totterton?

Tot. Keep her close still—straw and a dark room.

Vigil. I couldn't be so cruel to such a sweet creature, Totterton.

Tot. I would.

Vigil. No, you wouldn't!

Tot. I would, and that's flat!

[*He strikes his hands together sharply—Beldare's letter is instantly drawn up to the oval window, and disappears.*]

Risk. [*Apart.*] She has it, sir—she has it!

Bel. In! in! in!

[*Exeunt Captain Beldare and Risk, hastily, into the hotel, R. S. E.*]

Vigil. This must have been for that eves-dropping officer, who went into the hotel, and—[*Looking round.*] Eh; egad! she has drawn up the ribands, and thinks, I warrant, to find an answer at the end of them! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!—Oddsobobs! I have bamboozled her finely! Totterton!

Tot. Eh?

Vigil. Get you to Lydia's apartment directly; lock all the doors, especially that which leads to the balcony; and keep sentry till I come back.

Tot. Then I mustn't go after my nephew? He's at the Bull and Mouth by this time—popped out of the York flying-machine.

Vigil. Psha! time enough for him. Besides, you know he has our direction. Now, get in; and don't let a single soul enter the house.

Tot. If Levi Kaiserman, the picture-dealer, should call——

Vigil. Don't admit him—it may be a trick. Zounds! why are you so dull? Not a creature except yourself (particularly a male creature) shall be under my roof.

Tot. Well, well; anything to please you. I'll go and chuck the tom-cat out of the garret-window.

[*Exit into the house, L. S. E.*]

Vigil. And now, my gay blade of an officer, if you choose to enter the lists with me, we'll have a trial of skill, that's all! But 'tis getting late; I must be off to Somerset House.

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter RISK cautiously from the hotel, R. S. E.

Risk. [*Looking after Vigil.*] There he goes in the direct road to the Strand. You may come out, sir.

Enter CAPTAIN BELDARE, dressed as Levi Kaiserman, a German Jew, from the hotel.

Bel. Having this masquerade dress by me was lucky.—[*Mimicking the Jewish dialect.*] Don't you tinksh, now, I looksh like de Shew, dat vash pring de choicesht pictures from Yarmany?

Risk. And do you think, sir, you can impose yourself on him as Levi Kaiserman, the picture-dealer, whom he expects from abroad?

Bel. At least, I'll attempt it. I'll be before him at the exhibition-room; the porter there is an old servant of my uncle's, and will let me into the place where they are

hanging the pictures. Vigil shall find me poring in raptures over one of his own productions; then I'll introduce myself as Levi Kaiserman, and—But I lose time. Risk, be vigilant!

[*Going, hastily, L., forgetting that he is in disguise.*

Risk. But—sir! sir! that air and that dress will never agree in the street. You'll be discovered.

Bel. Zounds! that's true; I had forgot, and should have spoiled all. [*Altering his gait and manner.*] You shay mighty true: de Shew vash shtupid dog, dat vash not know how to keep up his character. [*Exit, L.*

Risk. And the Christian is a silly dog that runs mad for a woman he never saw in his life. Am I a fool? Hum! I think not! Then why do I aid and abet a madman?—Why, to bring grist to my mill. When I have made up a purse. I'll retire, take a farm, and marry a Pomona; stick pigs, stump in the mud, buy bullocks, swill ale, and bully plough-boys!

SONG.—RISK.

Oh! when my farm is taken,
How delightful 'twill be o'er my acres to stump!
Then I'll marry a dairy-maid, jolly and plump,
But she shan't be as fat as my bacon.
I'll hire a lout to wield the flail,—
Small beer shall serve the bumpkin;
Whilst I, with guzzling home-brew'd ale,
Grow rounder than a pumpkin.
I'll have hogs, dogs—cows, sows,
Turkies, ducks, and barley-mows;
Harrows, ganders, bullocks, ploughs;
And I'll dazzle the country gabies.
I'll get a bull, I'll get a cart,—
I'll get the Farmer's Guide by heart,
And I'll get a dozen babies!
Then I'll pet my dogs,
I'll fat my hogs;
I'll milk my cows,
I'll salt my sows;
I'll run my rigs,
I'll stick my pigs;
I'll roast my lambs,
I'll mend my dams;

I'll whet my knife,
 I'll kill my sheep;
 I'll kiss my wife,
 I'll go to sleep,—

All when my farm is taken?

I'll drink just double each Saturday night,
 Sitting up, with my spouse, by candle-light,—

For I need not rise early on Sunday.

Then I'll prate to my lovee of clover and barns,
 While the dear little children's stockings she darns.

That must go to the wash on Monday.

On Sunday to church—beef and pudding at one;

Then, the evening to spend,

I'll get drunk with a friend,

Reel to bed, and on Monday be up with the sun.

But, on Monday, my bed forsaking,

Oh! how my nob will be aching!

With my eyes, stiff and red,

Sunk deep in my head,

I shall look as old as Methusalem!

Whilst the curs'd noises round me

Will so confound me,

I shall wish the farm at Jerusalem!

For there the pigs will be squeaking,

The waggon-wheels creaking;

Ducks quacking,

Cart-whips cracking;

Turkies gobbling,

Carters squabbling;

Rooks cawing,

Ploughboys jawing;

Horses neighing,

Donkies braying;

Cocks crowing,

Oxen lowing;

Dogs bark,—

Noah's ark!

Gobble, wobble—weke—caw, caw!

Grunt—bow, wow—quack—moo—ee—aw!

All when my farm is taken.

[Exit into the hotel, R. S. R.]

Enter VIGIL and CAPTAIN BELDARE, (as the Jew) L.

Vigil. (R. C.) Our meeting in the exhibition-room was very fortunate indeed, Mr. Kaiserman.

Bel. (L.) Yesh, it vash fall out mighty lucky.

Vigil. I am vastly happy to be personally known to you last. 'Tis to your good offices, you know, Mr. Kaiser-man, that I owe the success of my pictures in Germany.

Bel. No such ting, as I hope to be shaved; but you are sho modesht! Ah! dat ish sho like de great genius to be modesht! Plesh ma soul! vat a sharming piece you vas shend to de exhibition dish morning!

Vigil. What, my Danaë? I thought it seemed to strike you.

Bel. I declare I vash ravished! de execution vash sho capital—de colouring sho chaste—de——But vereabouts ish your house?

Vigil. Oh, here, hard by. Didn't you like that effect in stretching out the arms? Something uncommon to our school of painting there—eh?

Bel. Vashtly uncommon; it ish sho natural.

Vigil. And were you pleased with my blue cloud?

Bel. Pleashed!—I protesht, if it had been black, I should have hoishted my umbrella. Den de shower of gold—oh, dat ish fine!

Vigil. I was sure you approved of the shower of gold.

[*Aside.*] I don't know a Jew that wouldn't.

Bel. Come, take me in mit you to your home; ve can't talk so vel upon de shtreet.

Vigil. [*Going towards his house, and returning.*] Well, well. By the bye, how did you contrive to get admitted so early at Somerset House?

Bel. I vash a foreign artisht, you know.

Vigil. Oh, true.

Bel. Sho, I vash curious to shee de English school, and——But come into your housh, and show me your worksh.

Vigil. [*Aside.*] He is devilish pressing to get in; I don't half like it!

Bel. [*Aside.*] He hesitates!

Vigil. [*Aside.*] Zounds! if this should not be Levi Kaiserman, after all! I'll sound him. [*Aloud.*] You made an excellent bargain for me abroad, in the sale of my Cassandra.

Bel. [*Aside.*] Oh, curse Cassandra! [*Aloud.*] Yesh, dat vash a mashter-piece.

Vigil. The purchaser, I think, was—was — Psha! I can't tell his name now, for the soul of me!

Bel. [*Aside.*] Upon my soul, no more can I!

Vigil. Wasn't it the grand duke of—of—

Bel. Of Bavaria.

Vigil. Aye—the Duke of Bavaria. And to whom did I sell my Proserpine?

Bel. Oh, Proserpine! I vash shell her to de archbishop of Cologne.

Vigil. No! come, come! not to him, neither.

Bel. [*Disconcerted.*] Eh! vy not?

Vigil. Why, she was without drapery; and, to an archbishop! Pooh! hang it! you're joking.

Bel. [*Aside.*] Oh, the devil! [*Aloud.*] His eminence vash scruple at first; but de painting vash sho entishing, he couldn't reshist.

Vigil. And what did he give?

Bel. Ten thousand florins.

Vigil. Which you have brought for me?

Bel. No; payable at four months. Oh, you need not be alarmed. 'Tish as good as de bank.

Vigil. Oh, I'm not uneasy. And now, Mr.—hem! Mr. Kaiserman, let me ask your opinion of a picture I have in my head.

Bel. Vat ish it?

Vigil. It consists of two figures. The first is an old painter, quick and cunning; a sly fox of some fifty, who is reported to secure a young beauty under lock and key, whose features serve him as a model in his works. Here he stands.

Bel. [*Aside.*] What does he drive at?

Vigil. The second figure is a gay stripling, with a plaguy air of intrigue. I have the model of him, too. Now, the youngster, to humbug the artist, takes the disguise of a Jew picture-dealer; but the old boy, accustomed to make green-horns betray themselves, talks to him of a Cassandra he never sketched, and a Proserpine he never painted. How do you like the subject?

Bel. [*Aside.*] I wish it were upon canvass, and you were obliged to eat it for breakfast!

Vigil. [*Knocking at his door.*] Well, now, upon my word you did it very well. [*Mimicking.*] I declare I vash ravished! de execution vash sho capital!

Bel. Zounds, sir! I—

Vigil. Nay, nay, don't be mortified; for you deceived even me, at first; and so I'll give you a piece of advice:—never appear too eager to get into the house, for that discovers you; and pray—pray, for the sake of decorum, when

you have another Proserpine to dispose of, don't "shell her to de Archbishop of Cologne." [*Exit into his house.*]

Enter Risk from the hotel.

Risk. Well, sir, how goes on the war?

Bel. [*Pulling off his false beard and wig.*] Countermined, and blown to the devil!

Risk. I told you how it would be, sir. We had better raise the siege at once.

Bel. Hang it! I don't like beating a retreat. Lydia, I am sure, must be charming. [*They retire up.*]

Enter SOLOMON LOB, L. U. E., with a canvass travelling sack at his back, two letters in his hand, and a couple of small bundles under his arm.

Lob. [*Coming forward, L.*] I'se sure this Lunnun town's a hugeous pleace! aye, and a bonny pleace, too! How the streets, somehow, do grow out o' yan another!

Bel. After her letter, and my answer, it would be paltry, unmanly, to abandon her. I'm determined to get into the house; but how to find my way——

Lob. Wauns, zur! I wish you'd be so kind to put me into mine, loike; for I'se lost it outright, I'se sure.

Bel. Psha! go to the devil!

Lob. I isn't a Lunnuner, zur! I doan't know that road.

Risk. [*Crossing to c.*] What's the name of the street you want to find?

Lob. Neame? Why, my uncle's master's.

Risk. And who is your uncle's master?

Lob. [*Laughing.*] He! he! I thought every fool i' Lunnun know'd he. Mr. Vigil, the noted limner.

Bel. Mr. Vigil!

Lob. Aye; I ax'd for un, as I coom'd alang, at sign o' Green Man. I thought he might ha' painted it.

Bel. And what do you want with Mr. Vigil, friend?

Lob. What do I want? What do I want wi' my own uncle, there, who do grind all his stuff for un, to make sham men and women?

Risk. [*Aside.*] Here's a discovery, sir!

Lob. Uncle being old, and stupid gone, and a bit fondish, he sent for me fra' Tadcaster to help his wits, and gi' un condolation; for I be counted to have more parts nor all our family tied up in a bunch.

Bel. Tadcaster, in Yorkshire?

Lob. Aye; neighbours of our toun calls I the Genus.

Risk. [*Aside.*] And a precious queer genus you are!

Bel. What's your name, friend?

Lob. Solomon Lob, zur.

Bel. [*Affecting to start.*] Is it possible?

Lob. Doan't he jump; but I is Solomon; I's sure I is! Wauns! now, wha knows but thou is Mr. Vigil his sen'?

Bel. I am the very man!

Lob. Well, dang me, somehow, if I didn't think so! I be noted, as our parson do say, for guessing at volks in-stinkingly. Well, zur, and how be uncle Totterton?—Ods flesh! I han't ha' seen un sin I first went to plough.

Risk. Your uncle—hem!—your uncle is just gone out; but we expect him home directly.

Lob. Dost thee know uncle, too?

Risk. Yes; I, like him, am Mr. Vigil's domestic.

Lob. A dumb stick?

Risk. Aye; your uncle's fellow-servant.

Lob. Be you, indeed! [*To Beldare.*] Oh, zur, I ha' sum-mut for you in this here little bit bag.

[*Takes a small bag from his pocket, and gives it to Beldare.*

Bel. What's in it?

Lob. Golden guineas, by gum! Parson ha' sent 'em for the picture you painted for our church. [*Giving a letter.*] Here be his letter to 'ee, zur, explaining the rights on't.

Bel. [*Reading the superscription.*] Yes, yes; I see 'tis for me.

Lob. Parson be getting on i' th' world, I assure ye, zur.

Bel. I'm happy to hear it.

Lob. He married his sister last week, zur, to our rich humpbacked letter-carrier; and, considering miss ware nigh fifty, and bandy, 'tware reckoned a tightish match.

Bel. And what's that other letter in your hand?

Lob. For uncle Totterton. [*Giving it.*] Look at un, zur. It do come from his loving sister, Margery, my mother, zur. Robin Rawbones, our blacksmith, wrote un for her. Sin father died, Robin ha' been main comfortable to mother, and ha' done most of her odd jobs.

Bel. [*Aside.*] His sister, Margery! Robin Rawbones! [*Looking significantly at Risk.*] Aye, Totterton has mentioned them to me very often. I'll give this to your uncle myself. [*Apart to Risk.*] Let us get him away.

Lob. [*Taking up the bundles, which he has put on the ground.*] I do suppose I be to go in now, zur, and bide in your house.

Bel. To be sure. [*Apart to Risk.*] How shall we parry that?

Risk. [*Helping Lob with the bundles.*] Zounds, fellow servant! what a deal of luggage you have brought up to London!

Lob. Pooh! this be nowt, mun. Mother ha' sent I up well rigged. I ha' left portmantle, wi' all my best clothes, at Bull and Mouth, where we put up, wi' the coach.

Risk. At the Bull and Mouth? Why, you'll be plundered!

Lob. [*Frightened.*] Noa! Why! wauns, mun, ben't 'em safe?

Risk. Safe! Run back ready to break your neck, or you'll never see 'em again.

Lob. I wool. Oh, lord! mother told I this ware a tricking town, sure enow! Which way mun I——

Bel. When you come back, look ye! [*Pointing to the hotel.*] that is my house. You'll be sure to remember it.

Lob. Aye, zur. Which is 't way? Oh, my poor portmantle!

Risk. Down this street—then to your right—then to your left—through Pimlico, into Holborn; turn short out of Pall-Mall into Finsbury Square—then anybody will direct you. Run!

Lob. Wauns! it be hard to find.

Risk. Quick! quick!

Lob. I wool. First turn to the—oh, dear!—Pall-Mall Square, and—oh, my poor portmantle!

[*Exit, running, L. S. E., leaving his bundles.*]

Bel. Now, Risk, be active.

Risk. I know what to do, sir. Here's a suit of the bumpkin's in the bundle; I'll help myself on with it, and that shall help me into Vigil's house in a minute.

Bel. Here, take the letters and the money; they will be your credentials. But can you speak the dialect?

Risk. Never fear. I'm Yorkshire myself, sir.

Bel. Indeed!

Risk. Lord, sir, you might have known that by my modesty!

Bel. But, despatch; get in doors, and prepare yourself. [*Throwing off his disguise.*] In the mean time, I'll keep watch here for honest Solomon; and when he returns, I'll take him into our hotel, as Vigil's residence.

Risk. And when I am really in Mr. Vigil's, sir, do you take your post at the back of the house—the weakest part

of the fortress which I have discovered, and wait for my signal for getting you into the citadel. Now for it! In three minutes I'll be Solomon Lob. [*Exit into the hotel.*]

Bel. Once more, victory leans on my side. And now, Master Vigil, spite of all your cunning, I'll prove that youth and love will always get the better of age and caution. Zounds! here he comes again. If the bumpkin returns before Risk is ready, we are undone! [*Retires up.*]

Enter VIGIL and TOTTERTON from the house, L. S. E.

Vigil. Time enough; 'tis but a little after ten, now, I tell you.

Tot. But my nephew must have been waiting these two hours. I must make haste, and—[*Going.*] Eh! why, there's that officer skulking about still!

Bel. [*Coming forward, R.*] Your servant, sir. I am still here, you see; but don't be alarmed.

Vigil. (c.) Oh, no! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! I'm not so easily frightened.

Bel. I couldn't leave the field without paying all due homage to the conqueror.

Vigil. Ha!—Then I have no longer the honour, I suppose, of talking to Mr. Kaiserman?

Bel. No, sir; you are talking to Frederick Beldare, captain of grenadiers, and nephew to General Thunder.

Vigil. Frederick Beldare!

Bel. Yes, sir; who will never cease to proclaim your consummate valour in forcing him to capitulate. But come, Mr. Vigil, after a stubborn engagement, the heroes on either side ought to shake hands. You have no resentment, I hope.

Vigil. None in the world. Why, sir, you have rendered me famous and secure for ever. Nobody, now, will dare to attack the man, who has defeated the brave Frederick Beldare, captain of grenadiers, and nephew to General Thunder!

Bel. [*Aside.*] Oh, curse your sneering! Why, where can Risk be all this time?

Enter RISK from the hotel, dressed as Solomon Lob, and going up R.

Oh, yonder he goes. [*Aloud.*] You say right, Mr. Vigil. I'll never measure swords again with an enemy so much my superior in knowledge; and thus I quit the field of battle. [*Exit into the hotel.*]

SCENE I.] LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMI

Vigil. And that's the last time I hope to see the nephew of the great General Thunder.

FINALE. — CAPTAIN BELDARE, RISK, VIGIL, and TOTTERTON.

Risk. [*Advancing, c., and bowing to Vigil and Totterton.*]

Your pardon, good gentlefolks, pray;
I am strange, loike, in Lunnum, and I should be glad,
If you'd just be so kind to a poor country lad,
As to larn un to find out his way.

Bel. [*Appearing in the balcony of the hotel—aside.*]
I'll listen.

Vigil. Friend—

Risk. Ees!

Vigil. Let me know

The street to which you want to go.

Risk. [*Giving a letter.*] This letter, zur, will sartify.

Vigil. [*Reading.*] “*To Mr. Vigil.*” ‘Sbud! ’tis I!

Risk. What, you?

Vigil. Yes, I!

Risk. Wauns! here's a frisk!

Tot. Why, here's a frisk!

Risk. Wauns! here's a frisk!

Bel. [*Aside, in the balcony.*] Oh! bravo—bravo, Risk!
[*Vigil opens and reads the letter.*]

Tot. Solomon Lob, or I'm mistaken.

Risk. That's I, as sure as bacon's bacon.

Tot. Why, nephew!

Risk. Uncle!

Both. Is it you?

Risk. Ees.

Tot. Yes.

Both. Lord love you! how d'ye do?

[*They embrace.*]

Vigil. [*Having read the letter.*]

The parson's letter's right; but where
Is all the money that he sends?

Risk. [*Giving Vigil a purse.*]

Here, sir. And, uncle, mother, there,
Has sent you news of all our friends.

[*Gives Totterton a letter.*]

Bel. & Risk. [*Aside.*] The gudgeons bite already;
They swallow ev'ry lie!

Vigil & Tot.

An honest lad, and steady !

I'll { count }
 { read } it by and by.

Enter SOLOMON LOB, L. U. E.

Lob. I ha' got my portmanteau again,
By gum, without any resistance.

Bel. Confusion ! we're ruin'd, that's plain ;
For the bumpkin appears at a distance.

This way—this way ! [*Beckoning Solomon.*]

Lob. Ees, I'll come ;

I knows the house—I'se not a dunce.

Risk. [*Observing Beldare and Solomon.*]

Uncle, shan't us now go home ?

Vigil & Tot. Yes, my lad, come in at once.

[*Exit Solomon Lob into the hotel.*]

Bel. & Risk. Huzza ! we're in safety once more !
Our triumph will soon be complete.

Vigil & Tot. Come in, my lad—this is the door ;
[*To Risk.*] We have talk'd long enough in the street.
Follow us ; we'll lead the way.

Risk. Ees, I'll come.

Bel. Huzza ! huzza !

[*Exeunt, Vigil, Totterton, and Risk, into Vigil's house—Captain Beldare into the hotel.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Vigil's Painting-Room—busts and pictures in different parts, some finished, and some unfinished—among the rest, is a picture on an easel, in an unfinished state, representing figures as large as life—a large window, C. F., the bottom part of which is shaded by a green curtain—a table, with a large portfolio on it, R.—a marble slab, on a pedestal, whereon to grind colours, L.*

Enter LYDIA and VIGIL, R.

Lydia. I shall not sit as a model for any of your pictures to-day, sir.

Vigil. Now, was ever anything so perverse ? Why,

Lydia, why do you always take such a pleasure in thwarting my wishes?

Lydia. Only as a suitable return, sir, for your always thwarting mine.

Vigil. You are to remember, madam, that I have taken upon myself the care of your conduct and education.

Lydia. That's as much as to say, you have taken upon yourself the privilege of tormenting me from morning to night.

Vigil. And dare you tell me to my face that—

Lydia. Sir, I dare tell you, that the death of my father should make me free; that, in confiding me to the affectionate care of your sister, whose memory I shall always cherish, he never meant to expose me to your tyranny;—in one word, that immuring me here, as your slave, is usurping the rights of nature, and abusing one of the most sacred trusts. And now, sir, as you have often complained of my giddiness, [*Laughing.*] you see I have been serious for the first time.

Vigil. Charming spirits you are in to-day, indeed!—And the best receipt for high spirits, I perceive, is a love-letter, dangling at the end of a parcel of ribands.

Lydia. What do you mean, sir?

Vigil. It has come to hand, but not exactly as you intended. [*Taking a letter from his pocket, and unfolding it.*] Here it is!

Lydia. [*Endeavouring to take it from him.*] Dear! I can't conceive how you—

Vigil. How I came by it! But nothing escapes me, you see.

Lydia. [*Smiling.*] Then, it seems, you have got my letter!

Vigil. And pray, good madam, how will you clear up this subject to me?

Lydia. Very easily. [*Showing Captain Beldare's letter.*] Here's the answer to it.

Vigil. [*Attempting to snatch it.*] The answer!

Lydia. Softly, sir—softly, if you please! You treasure your letter, and I mine, you know. [*Reading.*] “*I am called Frederick Beldare, a captain of grenadiers, and nephew of a gallant general. My love for you is most ardent, and I swear to unite my destiny to yours.*” Now that's open and honourable—isn't it, sir?

Vigil. [*Looking over her shoulder, and reading.*] “*I cannot explain myself further, as I write this absolutely*

in the presence of your Argos." Zounds! in my presence! When? where? how?

Lydia. [Reading.] "*In the open street, behind his back, but close at his elbow.*"

Vigil. Oh, the devil!

Lydia. [Reading.] "*And this, I trust, will not be the only time I shall make a fool of him.*" Then you were by—on the very spot?

Vigil. Yes, yes; zounds! I was, sure enough!

[*Goes to the painting on an easel.*]

Lydia. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! I am positively in love with him for his cleverness! and I dare say he is very handsome.

Vigil. Lydia, I—

Lydia. Come, you are famous for catching a likeness; and as you have the brush in your hand, do now paint me his picture.

Vigil. [Throwing the brush away.] Confound the brush, Beldare, pen, ink, paper, and all riband-weavers!

Enter TOTTERTON and RISK, L.—Risk carrying Solomon Lob's cloak-bag.

Tot. Put it down there, my boy—under that table.

[*Risk puts down the bag, and affects extreme awkwardness.*]

Lydia. So, this is the precious nephew we have so long expected!

Risk. Aye, madam, I's Solomon Lob; you'll foind me varry handy about t' house. When I was at whoam i' th' country, I always helped mother to make her hog's puddings.

Tot. The lad has talents.

Risk. Zo, I be com'd fra Tadcaster to look a'ter you, and to mind measter's orders.

Vigil. That's a good lad; always mind my orders.

Lydia. [To *Vigil.*] Not content, then, with your own and Totterton's teasing, I am to have the additional plague of being watched by this booby.

Risk. Booby! — Wauns, madam! you'll find I another guess sort of a person from what you do think.

Vigil. [At the easel, painting.] Totterton!

Tot. Sir.

Vigil. I want some black.

Tot. I'll grind it directly.

Risk. I'll do't for ye, mun.

[*He crosses towards Lydia, who is re-perusing the letter from Beldare—he coughs, and makes signs to her—she remains with her eyes fixed on the letter.*

Vigil. [*To Totterton.*] Where's Sampson Thwack, the bruiser, to-day, that he doesn't come to me, as a model?

Tot. Sick in bed; he was up late last night at the Cat and Bagpipes.

Vigil. A drunken rascal!

Lydia. [*Taking her eyes from the letter, and observing Risk.*] Why, I declare the blockhead is winking at me!

Vigil. [*Starting up.*] What!

Tot. [*To Risk.*] Mercy on us! — Why, Solomon, are you mad?

Risk. [*Rubbing his eye.*] E'en a' most, fegs! A plaguy gnat ha' gotten i' my left eye, and nigh blinded me.

Tot. Oh, was that it?

Vigil. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! poor fellow! — No, no; he doesn't look like one of the winking sort, not he! [*To Totterton.*] Then I have no hopes of seeing Thwack to-day?

Tot. No.

Vigil. The scoundrel has got drunk on purpose to vex me! Two hours' sitting would be enough; and the picture must be shipped for Russia this evening! You, too, Madam Lydia—I'm obliged to you for it—won't let me take advantage of your features to finish my work.—Zounds! I believe the whole world conspires to smother my efforts, and ruin me in my profession!

[*He deranges his painting apparatus, peevishly, and throws himself into an arm-chair—Totterton has taken Risk to the marble slab, L., on which the colours are placed, and appears to be teaching him to grind them.*

Lydia. Come, you shan't say I have hurt you in your profession: I will sit to you.

Vigil. [*Rising.*] Will you? Come, now, that's kind!

Lydia. But, remember, 'tis on one condition.

Vigil. And what's that?

Tot. [*To Risk, who is grinding colours, and at the same time watching Lydia.*] There, work away, and I'll be with you again presently.

[*Exit, R.*

Lydia. Why, the condition is, that I go to the exhibition to-morrow.

Vigil. What! to meet that infernal captain of grena-

diers? Zounds, madam! and do you think I'll be such a dupe?

Lydia. Just as you please. No exhibition for me to-morrow, no sitting for you to-day—that's all!

Vigil. And have you the assurance to——

Lydia. Oh, if you are getting into a passion, I shall retire to my chamber. [Going, R]

Vigil. Nay, but, Lydia——

AIR.—LYDIA.

A guardian there was, and a crab was he,

Fal de ral, de ral, la, la!

He kept his ward under lock and key,

Fal de ral, de ral, la, la!

He tried to plague her all the day,

But she danc'd and sang the hours away.

Fal, la, la, &c.

She laugh'd at this crab as long as she could,

Fal de ral, &c.

For fretting never does us good,

Fal de ral, &c.

But he grew more teasing ev'ry day,

So she took to her heels, and ran away.

Fal, la, la, &c.

[Exit, R.]

Vigil. [Calling after her.] Nay, Lydia! Lydia!

[Exit, R.]

Risk. [Coming from the marble slab.] So! the sly hound has lost the scent. Now to see if my master is watching at the back of the house. [Goes to the window, c. F., lifts up the green curtain, and looks out.] No, not come yet. How deuced pretty Vigil's ward is! But, a little wild devil! she had near discovered me to the guardian. That stupid dotard, Totterton, too, asks me so many questions about Tadcaster and his family, that—— Stay! he's within hearing, for he's toddling in and out every minute. I'll bawl out a Yorkshire ditty, that shall split the old fellow's ears.

[Goes to the marble slab, and sings while he is grinding the colours.]

SONG.—RISK.

TUNE—"Ally Croker."

A captain bold in Halifax, that dwelt in country quarters,
Seduc'd a maid, who hang'd herself one morning in her
garters:

His wicked conscience smited him, he lost his stomach daily ;

He took to drinking ratifa, and thought upon Miss Bailey.
Oh, Miss Bailey ! unfortunate Miss Bailey !

One night betimes he went to rest, for he had caught a fever ;

Says he, " I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver." His candle, just at twelve o'clock, began to burn quite palely,—

A ghost stepp'd up to his bed-side, and said, " Behold Miss Bailey !" Oh, Miss Bailey, &c.

" Avaunt, Miss Bailey !" then he cried ; " your face looks white and mealy."

" Dear Captain Smith," the ghost replied, " you've used me ungenteelly :

The crowner's 'quest goes hard with me, because I've acted frailly,

And Parson Biggs won't bury me, though I am dead Miss Bailey !" Oh, Miss Bailey, &c.

" Dear corpse," says he, " since you and I accounts must once for all close,

I've got a one pound note in my regimental small-clothes ; 'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave." The ghost then vanish'd gaily,

Crying, " Bless you, wicked Captain Smith ! remember poor Miss Bailey !" Oh, Miss Bailey, &c.

Enter TOTTERTON, with a box of colours, R.

Tot. Adsbobs ! well sung ! I didn't think, boy, you had such a voice.

Risk. The clerk of our parish larned I to chant, wi' his pitchfork.

Tot. What, old Davy Drone, of Tadcaster ?

Risk. Ees.

Tot. Aha ! why, he's one of my oldest friends. And how is he ?

Risk. [*Aside.*] Oh, zounds ! I must kill all his old friends, or he'll ask questions about 'em for ever. [*Aloud.*] He be dead.

Tot. Davy Drone dead ! — Bless us ! and your mother not to write me word ! Ah ! he must have been old—I think about——Didn't he die at eighty-four ?

Risk. Noa ; at five in the morning.

Tot. Umph!—And honest Mat Figgins, the grocer—is he hale and hearty?

Risk. He be dead, too.

Tot. He dead, too! Poor Mat! his lump-sugar was excellent. He had a dog, I remember, that chucked a halfpenny off his nose into his mouth, whenever you said nine. Is the dog alive?

Risk. Noa; he eat a halfpenny.

Tot. And did that kill him?

Risk. Ees; 'tware such a varry bad one.

Tot. Well, and what's become of old Gruntlepool, the undertaker?

Risk. He's gone dead, too, and ware buried last Christmas.

Tot. What, the death-hunter dead, too? Why, ble us! they do nothing but die at Tadcaster! What's the reason of it, Solomon?

Risk. We ha' gotten three more 'pottycaries.

Tot. Oh, then I don't wonder. But, come—'tis almost dinner time; make haste and grind out the black, and then for the shoulder of mutton. [*Going, R.*] Dear, dear! fifty years ago, who'd have thought my old friends would have dropped off so fast! [*Exit, R.*]

Risk. Oh, curse your questions!—My master must have waited in the street till he's out of all patience! They seem all busy for a moment, at least; so I'll untie the ladder of ropes that I have crammed into honest Solomon Lob's cloak-bag. [*Taking up the bag, and untying it.*]—Without this ladder of ropes, we could have done nothing.

Re-enter TOTTERTON, R.

Tot. [*Seeing Risk busied with the bag.*] Ah! that cloak-bag is the very thing I came for. I had forgot to take it into the hall; Mr. Vigil can't abide a litter.

Risk. [*Uneasy.*] Noa, uncle, noa; I'll tak' it into the hall.

Tot. Tut, boy! 't isn't heavy.

Risk. Odd-rabbit it! there be a deal more in't than you do think for.

Enter VIGIL, R.

Vigil. Totterton!

Tot. Eh?

Vigil. Come here. [*Totterton puts down the cloak-bag, and comes forward with Vigil, C.*—*Risk returns to the*

marble slab.] Lydia will sit for the picture, provided I take her to the exhibition to-morrow.

Tot. Don't do it.

Vigil. Hold your tongue! I've promised her.

Tot. She'll give you the slip there. Mind! 'twas I said so!

Vigil. Psha! you're an old blockhead! She coming to the painting-room here directly, dressed for the subject I'm painting.

Tot. And what will you do for Sampson Thwack?—Who's to stand up for him?

Vigil. Why, I told Lydia I had a great mind to try Solomon Lob, but she won't hear of it. Between ourselves, she's right; for I must say, though he's your nephew, he's the awkwardest rascal I ever saw in my life! [*Taking Totterton further from Risk, R.*] Come more this way. A thought has struck me. [*During the following conversation, Risk steals to the cloak-bag, which he opens, takes out a ladder of ropes, and hides it under several portfolios which are on the table—he then replaces the bag under the table, and returns to the marble slab.*] There's a barrack not far off.

Tot. I know it.

Vigil. Couldn't you get me a soldier off duty—only for a couple of hours?

Tot. To be sure I can.

Vigil. Tell him I'll pay him handsomely;—and, hark ye, pick out a strong, well-made fellow—as like Thwack as you can.

Tot. [*Going, L.*] I will.

Vigil. And—stay!—be sure he's one of your own choosing;—bring him here yourself, else some dangerous, designing dog may get into the house, and——

Tot. [*Going.*] Oh, let me alone!

Risk. [*At the slab.*] Dost 'e want I to gang and help you wi' ony thing, uncle?

Tot. No, no; stay where you are, boy.

[*Exit with the cloak-bag, L.*]

Vigil. As for you, Solomon Lob, remember to execute faithfully all that I order you.

Risk. I wull, zur.

Vigil. If Miss Lydia desires you to carry a letter, bring it to me directly.

Risk. I wull, zur.

Vigil. You are to watch her at every turn, you know.

Risk. Ees ; that's what I be com'd here for, zur.

Vigil. [*Taking his palette, and returning again to his painting, R. U. E.*] At last, then, I shall finish my picture ! A charming subject ! Cressida giving her glove to Troilus, on his quitting Troy for the Grecian camp.

Enter LYDIA, L.

Risk. [*Aside.*] Now, if I could but make her know me !

Vigil. Well, Lydia, why, how comes it you are not dressed for the subject I'm painting ?

Lydia. We must have a word or two of explanation yet before we finish our treaty.

Vigil. Psha ! what's the matter now ?

Lydia. Imprimis : you are to take me to the exhibition.

Vigil. Granted.

Lydia. But we are not to sneak in, remember, after dinner, when all the company is gone. The middle of the day, and a full room—that's my stipulation.

Vigil. Well, I—well, come, that's granted, too.

Lydia. Very well, then : when you have performed your promise, I'll perform mine.

Vigil. Why, zounds ! you must sit directly. Won't you take my word till to-morrow ?

TRIO.—LYDIA, VIGIL, and RISK.

Lydia. No, no ; I doubt you much, I vow, sir ;

Your promises are mighty fine.

Give me the exhibition now, sir ;

Allons ! we'll to't before we dine.

Vigil. [*Sneering.*] Your captain, in the throng,

Waits there, his love to meet.

Risk. [*Aside, pointing to the window, C. F.*]

Upon my soul, you're wrong :

He's waiting in the street.

Lydia. Excuse me, sir, your word I doubt ;

I'll tell you how it comes about :

Deceit has always been your plan.

Vigil. Zounds, madam ! do you mean to flout ?

You fret me worse than law, or gout,

Or all the plagues that pester man !

Risk. [*Aside.*] How shall I make her find me out ?

How tell her I am not the lout ?

I must inform her, if I can.

Lydia. Well, no more words, since words are galling.

Risk. [*Singing clownishly, and grinding the colours.*]

Tol, lol, loddy, loddy, do !

Vigil. Why, how that awkward booby's bawling!

Lydia. [*Going.*] What's said, is said, and past recalling.

Vigil. [*Peevishly.*] Well, no more words.

Risk. [*Aside.*] She must not go!

Vigil & Lydia. What's said, is said, and past recalling.

Risk. [*Still grinding, and repeating the burden of the couplets in the first act.*]

“He who pities maids like thee,
Hither comes to set you free!”

Lydia. [*Who has suddenly stopped on hearing Risk—she looks stedfastly at him, without being perceived by Vigil, who has at this moment turned his back, and is occupied with his painting.*]

Hark! heard I aright? The air I know!

Vigil. [*Seeing Lydia return.*]

Why, Lydia, will you plague me daily?

Why will you vex your guardian so?

Risk. [*Still grinding the colours.*]

“Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey!”

Lydia. [*Endeavouring to hide her agitation, and looking occasionally towards Risk.*]

Come, I relent—I might be wrong;

I'll sit—good nature is my vice.

Risk. [*Aside.*] She caught the burden of the song,

By jingo, in a trice!

TOGETHER.

Lydia & Vigil. Good humour now prevailing,

Let all our bickerings cease!

Adieu to spleen and railing!

Our quarrel ends in peace.

Risk. [*Aside.*] My lucky stars prevailing,

My hopes how they increase!

I've now no fear of failing;

The prisoner I'll release.

Lydia. Since the man is ill, sir, who was to sit for this picture to-day, suppose we—hem!—suppose we try Totterton's nephew here. [*Pointing to Risk.*] He's quite a simpleton to be sure; but perhaps he may answer, the purpose.

Risk. Did you want I, madam? [*Whispering.*] I am Captain Beldare's man!

Lydia. Yes; now I look at him again, I think he'll answer the purpose very well.

Vigil. Why, you told me in the room just now he looked like a goose.

Lydia. Certainly, at first sight, I—But, poor fellow! he seems to be of service.

Risk. That's what I am, madam. Oddrabbit it! zur, miss do see what I be good for, better nor you.

Vigil. Psha! nonsense! I've sent for a soldier.

Lydia. A soldier!

Vigil. I expect him here every minute.

Lydia. Oh, very well; I'll run and get on my dress;—but you have locked it up; I can't get it without the key of the gallery.

Vigil. [*Hesitating.*] Well, well, I—Well, come, here it is.

[*Gives her the key.*]

Lydia. [*Aside, going.*] A soldier! and Beldare's man here! This means something, and time will explain it.

[*Exit, R.*]

Vigil. She has made up her mind so soon, that I am mistaken if she hasn't some mischief in her head. And I, too, to be such a blockhead to trust her with the key of the gallery! I'll lay my life she's peeping out there, to give Beldare some clue to find her at the Exhibition to-morrow. I'll be after her directly.

[*Going, R.*]

Enter TOTTERTON and DUB, a Grenadier, L.

Tot. Here, I have brought you a thumper.

Vigil. [*Looking at the Grenadier.*] Aye—well—I—yes! Put him into the dress; I'll be here in a minute.

[*Runs off, L.*]

Tot. Bless my soul! he has shot off like a piece of quicksilver! Where is he going in such a hurry?

Dub. Come, old one, be alive; I've no time to spare.

Tot. [*Taking a breast-plate from an armed chair.*] Well, patience, patience! You are off duty, you know, honest friend.

Dub. We have a roll-call at five; I musn't be too late.

Tot. Time enough—time enough. And what is your name, friend?

Dub. Dub.

Tot. Dub!—Bless me! that's a very short name for a grenadier! Come, put by your cap.

Dub. [*Putting his cap on the chair.*] But, I say, my hearty, besides the half-crown, you know, I'm to have a pot of porter for a compliment.

Tot. Aye, aye; we sha'n't quarrel about that. [*To Risk.*]

Come you, and help us. Here's the breast-plate, [*Taking it up.*] and—[*A bell rings, L.*] Hark! that's my master's bell! There's the helmet and beard, and—[*Bell rings again.*] Coming! coming! Help the honest man, Solomon.

[*Exit, L.*]

Risk. Ees, uncle, I wull.

Dub. Is that old buck your uncle?

Risk. [*Aside.*] Now's my time, or never!

[*He quits the grenadier, whose arms are passed half way through the arm-holes of the breast-plate, and runs to the rope-ladder, which he has hid under the portfolios.*]

Dub. Why, what the devil do you leave me handcuffed so for?

Risk. [*Opening the window, and throwing out the rope-ladder, which he fixes to the balcony.*] Quick! quick!—Come up!

Dub. [*Disentangling himself from the breast-plate, and throwing it on the floor.*] Zounds! they have brought me into this house to rob me! [*Draws his sword, and stands on his guard—BELDARE appears at the window, c. f., and jumps into the room.*] Why, 'tis my own captain!

Bel. [*To Dub.*] Ha! you here, my lad! How came you into this house?

Risk. To help gallantry, and relieve beauty, sir.

Dub. Beauty, you ugly dog! what do you mean?

Risk. [*Rapidly.*] Get down that ladder as quick as you can; take my master's cloak, that you'll find at the bottom of it; wait for me at the public-house, at the corner;—I'll be with you in a quarter of an hour, and you shall drink your skin-full to the health of Captain Beldare.

Bel. Do so, my lad; and I'll reward you handsomely, depend on't.

Dub. Quick march, then!

[*He is about to take up his cap and sword.*]

Risk. No, no; leave your cap and sword; we shall want them.

Dub. Leave my accoutrements? [*Hesitating.*] Captain?

Bel. I'll be answerable for them.

Dub. Well, captain, if anything should come on't, you'll bear me harmless. Pray take care of my sword, captain; it stuck by me all last war, and, somehow, I have a love for it.

[*Getting out at the window.*]

Bel. I'll be careful of it. I enter into your sentiments, my brave fellow! A British soldier always feels an affec-

tion for the weapon he has used against the enemies of old England.

[*Dub goes down the ladder, and Risk shuts the window.*]

Risk. Now, sir, your hat if you please, and on with this helmet and breast-plate immediately.

Bel. Explain all in two words, before anybody comes.

[*Gives Risk his hat, who hides it behind the portfolios.*]

Risk. In two words, then, you are the grenadier that is just gone out at the window; and, over and above the money for your trouble, you'll get a pot of porter.

Bel. What for?

Risk. For coming as a model to old Vigil for one of his pictures.

Bel. I conceive. [*During this, Risk is dressing Beldare.*]
Is Lydia handsome?

Risk. As an angel!

Bel. As I predicted! I won't quit the house without her.

Risk. Softly, sir, softly! We shall be discovered.

Bel. That's true; but how am I to hide my face?

Risk. Here's a wig and beard, sir, which belong to the long dress; they will disguise it, I warrant. And now, I think, we—[*Trying it on.*] Ha! here's somebody coming!

Enter TOTTERTON, L.

Tot. Why, there's a young man at the door says he is my nephew, Solomon Lob.

Risk. [*Aside.*] Zounds! we're discovered! [*Aloud.*]—Why, uncle, you don't say so?

Tot. Sure as you are there; but he don't bamboozle me. What do you think?

Risk. What!

Tot. I saw him stealing from the hotel over the way, where that officer lives.

Risk. Did you, by gum?

Tot. Yes; a rogue the captain has hired to carry on his plots.

Risk. Wauns! uncle, you ha' hit on't.

Tot. Oh, let me alone for finding out a cheat. He won't go from the door, so there let him stay. Well, have you dressed the—[*Looking at Beldare.*] Aye, very well; the helmet a little more up. [*Arranging the dress.*] There! An impudent knave, to think to impose upon me!

Enter VIGIL, R.

Vigil. I've got my keys again, and she is safe. Oh, this is the man for the model!

Tot. Much about the size of Thwack, isn't he?

Vigil. [*Taking Totterton aside.*] But are you quite sure he's a soldier?

Tot. Pooh! I brought him from the barracks myself.

Vigil. Enough. And how much money are you to have, my lad? [*Beldare pauses.*]

Tot. He's to have half-a-crown.

Bel. And a pot of porter.

Vigil. Aye, aye; two, if you like. Totterton, see if Lydia's ready. [*Exit Totterton, R.*] What regiment do you belong to, my lad?

Bel. The First.

Vigil. Indeed! Then, perhaps, you know an officer called Beldare, nephew to General Thunder?

Bel. He's my own captain.

Vigil. Is he? Then you may tell him, from me, if he ever hopes to set a foot in this house, he's plaguily mistaken.

Bel. I will.

Enter TOTTERTON, R., followed by LYDIA, dressed for the picture.

Lydia. (R.C.) [*Apart to Risk.*] Who is that soldier?

Risk. (R.) [*Apart to Lydia.*] He's my master.

Vigil. So, Lydia, you are ready, I see.

Lydia. Is this the soldier, sir, who is to be my companion?

Vigil. Yes—a good subject; though, it seems, madam, he knows your Captain Beldare.

Lydia. Indeed!

Bel. I was in his company when I received my last wound, madam.

Lydia. And how did you get your wound, pray?

Bel. In scaling a fortress which the enemy thought impregnable. A rich treasure was locked up in it. I mounted a ladder, and got into the building through a window; but I had hardly been five minutes in the place, before I received a deep wound just—[*Placing his hand on his left side.*] just on this side, madam.

Lydia. On—on the side of the heart?

Bel. Yes, madam.

Lydia. But it was very slight, I suppose?

Bel. Oh, no; very dangerous. I shall feel the effects of it for the rest of my life, madam.

Lydia. For the rest of your life! Poor man, I pity you, sincerely!

Vigil. Come, come, we lose time; let's to business.—You see this picture, friend;—this is the position I want. Now take that lady's hand; kneel, and look her full in the face.

Bel. [*Kneeling, and taking Lydia's hand.*] The lady, I am afraid, will think me very awkward.

Lydia. Oh, no, not in the least!

Tot. [*Who has been busied in various parts of the room.*] Bless my soul! here's a hat, with a spanking cockade, crammed under the portfolios! [*A violent tapping is heard at the window.*] Eh? why, what's that?

[*DUB opens the window, and looks in.*]

Dub. I must attend parade directly. Tell Captain Beldare to chuck me my sword.

Vigil. Captain Beldare!

Risk. [*Throwing the sword to the Grenadier.*] Take your sword, and go to the devil! [*Dub disappears.*]

Vigil. Why, zounds! am I betrayed?

Bel. [*Throwing off his disguise.*] Even so, sir. I am that Captain Beldare, who, in spite of your bolts, bars, and locksmiths, cherished hopes of setting foot in your house; and have not been, you see, so plaguily mistaken.

Vigil. And how the devil did you get in?

Risk. Oh, I let my master in, sir, at that window.

Tot. His master! Oh, my poor Solomon Lob!

[*Runs off, L.*]

Vigil. And now, sir, you have got into my house, do me the favour to go out of it.

Bel. With all my heart, when this lady accompanies me.

Vigil. Sir, this lady shall—

Bel. Nay, nay, no blustering. Look ye, Mr. Vigil, I am young and independent, and this lady entirely free.

Vigil. Free!

Bel. Yes, sir; the law, I know, gives you no power over her. Resign her quietly, or dread the consequences!—Come, my old boy, listen to terms, and she shall come and sit as a model whenever you please.

Lydia. Oh, certainly.

Enter TOTTERTON and SOLOMON LOB, L.

Tot. Oh, my poor Solomon! that I took for a rogue, and shut out of doors!

Lob. Ne'er heed it, uncle; I be in at last. [*To Vigil.*] I be come, zur, to see that nobody do run away wi' miss.

Vigil. Upon my soul, you have taken a very pretty time

for it! Well, well: 'tis in vain to murmur, I see Cap-
tain, you have conquered—I submit.

Bel. Well resolved! And if ever you have another
ward under your care, Mr. Vigil, recollect that it is the
happy privilege of this country, that its women, like its
men, are always free.

FINALE and CHORUS.—CAPTAIN BELDARE, LYDIA,
VIGIL, and RISK.

Bel. Cupid inflaming us,
 Old men
 Are fools, when
 They ever talk of taming us.
 Life's date is quickly past,—
 Youth's bloom is fading fast;
 Know this—
 Then seize bliss,
 And pleasures while they last.

Chorus. Cupid inflaming us, &c.

Lydia. Guardians, wishing to secure us,
 Only think and act like dolts;
 Let them as they will immure us,
 Love contrives to burst the bolts.

Chorus. Cupid inflaming us, &c.

Vigil. Women all our senses cozen,
 Through a maze of wiles they run;
 I can paint them by the dozen,
 But I cannot conquer one.
 Cupid inflaming them,
 Old men
 Are fools, then,
 Who ever talk of taming them.

Chorus. Cupid inflaming us, &c.

Risk. [*To Vigil.*] When you paint the pretty creatures,
 Always place a captain near;
 Nothing heightens more their features,
 Then a handsome grenadier.

Chorus. Cupid inflaming them,
 Old men
 Are fools, when
 They ever talk of taming them!

THE END.

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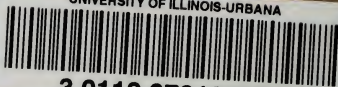
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- 273 Blue Beard [Locks]
- 274 Fair One with Golden
- 275 Cymon and Iphig-
- 276 Fortunio [genia]
- 277 Invisible Prince
- 278 Island of Jewels
- 279 King Charming
- 280 King of Peacocks
- 281 Prince Happy Land
- 282 Theseus & Ariadne



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